The little birds that tune their mornings ioy,
Make her mones mad, with their ſweet melodie,
"For mirth doth ſearch the bottome of annoy,
"Sad ſoules are ſlaine in merrie companie,
"Griefe beſt is pleaſ'd with griefes ſocietie;
"True ſorrow then is feelinglie ſuffiz'd,
"VVhen with like ſemblance it is ſimpathiz'd.

"Tis double death to drowne in ken of ſhore,
"He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,
"To ſee the ſalue doth make the wound ake more:
"Great griefe greeues moſt at that wold do it good;
"Deepe woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
VVho being ſtopt, the boũding banks oreflowes,
Griefe dallied with, nor law, nor limit knowes.

You mocking Birds (quoth ſhe) your tunes intombe
VVithin your hollow ſwelling feathered breaſts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumbe,
My reſtleſſe diſcord loues no ſtops nor reſts:
"A woefull Hoſteſſe brookes not merrie gueſts.
Raliſh your nimble notes to pleaſing eares,
"Diſtres likes dũps whẽ time is kept with teares.

Come

Come Philomele that ſing'ſt of rauiſhmen
Make thy ſad groue in my diſheueld hear
As the danke earth weepes at thy languiſ
So I at each ſad ſtraine, will ſtraine a teare
And with deepe grones the Diapaſon bea
For burthen-wiſe ile hum on TARQV
VVhile thou on TEREVS deſcants be

And whiles againſt a thorne thou bear'ſt t
To keepe thy ſharpe woes waking, wretch
To imitate thee well, againſt my heart
VVill fixe a ſharpe knife to affright mine
VVho if it winke ſhall thereon fall and die
Theſe meanes as frets vpon an inſtrum
Shal tune our heart-ſtrings to true lang

And for poore bird thou ſing'ſt not in the d
As ſhaming anie eye ſhould thee behold:
Some darke deepe deſert ſeated from the
That knowes not parching heat, nor freezi
VVill wee find out: and there we will vnfo
To creatures ſtern, ſad tunes to change th
Since mẽ proue beaſts, let beaſts bear gẽ